ESSAYS
ONE ACTS

6/13/96

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Nobody knows my sorrow
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Nobody know my PAIN

Battle Hymn of The Republic
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord
He is trampling through the vintage where the
grapes are wrathed and stored

Holly Hookland
Sales Representative for the
Kervorkian Clinic

Fr[illegible] President Allen 4044584246 8

Keith Brown

Freeman

Ron Michelle's friend Michael Tonè Covington (212) 4533359

Andrews

Lynwood

Calvin Murray

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A Robbery

One brother is ruffles has no
real conscious Rover
One brother is sensitive but quite
capable of being hard a 6ft 5in
Both struggles with his sexuality
The store clerk is witty, charismatic,
charming and quite sure of who he is
a black gay man

{Scenario}

#1 ~~a~~ made in a hospital
Gown (a bar close to the hospital
he has left isolation to party

#2 a elder (looking) woman
whose life and circumstances
now find her a mumbling cussing
extremely sensible alcoholic sister.
She's aged faster than most
@ 45 she looks 60.

AUG 24, 94

Damn! It seems as though I always want to have this perfect little format for getting my work into perspective. Well, it ain't going to always come out that way no matter what you do. Some days it flows like water others like reluctant teeth to pull.

MARK
ANTWON / TONY
TONY
JAMES / MARK

I want to talk about my feelings towards the ever growing issues I face in dealing with loneliness. I did what I felt was necessary @ first. You know when you find yourself being forced to give up on a relationship you've exhausted all your energy in and love in only to have it repeatedly blow up in your face. I surrounded myself with my besties of girlfriends, cried, grieved lamented and was plain pitiful until I became numb enough to get on with living. I kept pretty much to myself for some time (7mos). until my hands, toys, imagination and fuck films were no longer enough to ~~ext~~ tame my sexual stirrings. I tried the dating thing again, only to find men with so much baggage and not enough capacity for growth I turn and run again.

Responding to Sister

I hope this letter finds you a very happy young sister, eagerly anticipating the birth of her first child. I am eagerly awaiting the arrival of my next niece/or nephew.

I think of you often. How you've grown up so quickly, and blossomed into a young lady with such richness of spirit. I am very proud of you Liz. I am watching you constantly grow and develop and that makes me very happy.
My days had become so boring - I would get up around 12^00 noon every day, and begin a rather restless routine of flipping channels and switching positions in bed. It has been difficult not to give into pity, and being downright lazy.

Adodi Muse

9/96

In need of healing - Men of Color and our relationships - our emotional attachments to one another and how we express love, how we nurture and what our role is in the chain of life.

I believe that as people of African descent, if we reject any part of our community, then we are failed to remain 2nd class citizens. Discrimination is unfair, all people, regardless of gender, race, creed, color, or sexual orientation is entitled to the same human rights.

How can an oppressed people, reach out to try and oppress members or a particular segment of their own community

MAY 6 95

I turned slowly to glare in your direction
Eyed you up and down appalled @
the flawlessness of your physique and
the emptiness of your pockets
"I Don't speak ENGLISH"

10/16

Please take these damn sneakers
Brotha holding up mother Brotha for his shoes
Responds to a violent situation
violently

Click - ~~The gun~~ He hears the gun,
before he sees it
Big Black and Cold

~~the~~ sound, not familiar, yet distinct
Strikes fear in his heart
fear finds residence in his crotch
Crawls down his legs causes his toes
to ache and beads of sweat slowly drip
from his armpits, his brow and the crack
of his ass
"Dont move motherfucker" the Brotha grows
into the night air
As ~~the gun~~ the barrel of the gun make
contact with flesh
The hairs on the back of his neck stretch to their
fullest not a curl left
Reacting to the numbness of his body
His heart is racing and pounding so loudly
he is afraid he's going to have a heart attack